SIXTH EPISODE THE PHANTOM IMAGE

Conyright by Consolidated Flim Corporation, 1010.)

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING EMISODES.

Rureld Stanley, cub reporter for a New York daily owned by Me father, is interested in the states of Dr. Monteous, who has speet his life perfecting a machine to rejuvenate humanity. Stanless moving on the Crimson Stain mystery. Pourteen muscleys have been committed, all in same way, the victims robbed and strangled by this hands of superiuman power. Dr. Monteous before this perfected and trial his machine on four patients. These people at first became superior. Lakes he moticed that they developed absormed oriminal powers, especially the became superior. Town. Town. Town. He seem over the Emissioner and starts a campaign to unravel the mystar form. The machines of the machines, the count of the pastement and finds there Trustim Lambert, a men shoul town. In Town. He seem to her appartment and finds there Trustim Lambert, a men shoul town. In the studies behind a curtain and to suddenly confronted by a stranger who power loss his again a fleey glare. There Lambert is found that dead and Clarton is held for the crime. Harold to the studie, where Plorence belephones him that she will arrive to held rectime. Harold to the studie, where Plorence belephones him that also will arrive to help clear Clayton. Two a Rus's men come on the score, Harold overpowers one and accumpanies the other, who Harold is his comrade. Together they bilings Florence and take her to a deserted house, notice arrive and reserve descounces the second man as Lambert's magnetower. He admits it, peaks away and excurse.

was early the next afternoon that Harold Stanley mounted the steps of the Montrose house at Riverdale. His shoulders were squared and his jaw was set. For he was very much afraid.

The series of hazardous adventures with the Crimson Stain band had not in any way shaken his nerve, nor aroused in him any except the true fighter's joy of battle. The rest of the man-hunt not upon him, and he would blithely stake his life again on the quest, as had before. Nevertheless, he was frightened. And his nerves were taut and shaking. For he was planning to do the most heroic deed of his whole ser, and the prospect filled him with panic.

In other words, he was planning to tell Florence Montrose that he loved wonder he was scared. Even as the charging elephant shrinks in quaking terror from a mouse, so such an ordeal may crumple the courage of the most valiant man.

He had always loved Florence.
Even when she was a child he had been vaguely aware that his regard for her was more then that for a schoolday playmate. And since returning from college his love had been steadily growing and strengthening until—even to himself—he could no longer deny its existence.

He had told himself, weeks earlier, that love must have no place in his life until he should have achieved his goal of solving the Crimson Stain mystery and of bringing his father's murderer to justice. But Several word.

Dr. Montrose turned to the observed his daugh-

He had always loved Florence.



THE PICTURE SWUNG OUTWARD, REVEALING THE FACE OF

A thud in the outer hall shook the whole apartment. Running out to in-Holding the end of the tube to the vestigate, they found Parrish lying keyhole of the unventilated dark from at full length on the hallway floor. La Rue turned on the tap. The dark As Harold drew near the detective room began to fill with a dizzying slowly raised himself to his knees, vapor. But in his haste Pierre turned

take that to your house at once and develop it in your 'dark room.' When we get a four-by-five photograph creeping along the hallway halted from it we'll send a copy of the just outside the dark room door and photo to every police station in America; and there'll be a four-column door he ran noiselessly toward the cut of it on the front page of tonow empty laboratory, returning a minute later carrying an odd-shaped face! It's more terrible than the towhich was attached a tube.

Dr. Montrose once had—at the request of the Government—experisenses," reported Florence, who had seeking to revive Vanya. Sases for army use. This tank to which was attached a tube.

Dr. Montrose once had—at the request of the Government—experimented in the making of noxious been seeking to revive Vanya. Sases for army use. This tank contained the final result of his experi-

Half an hour later, leaving Felix to notify the doctor of Parrish's presence, Harold and Florence went to the photographic dark room the girl had equipped on the second floor of the Montrose home.

beside the house. He worked his way swiftly to the trunk, and with the speed of a cat elid to the ground.

As Pierre's feet touched earth Staniey bent over the parapet and drawing his revolver, fired at the fleeing figure. La Rue's left arm was suddenly jerked upward by a spasmodic twitch of the nerves. With his right hand he selzed his own left forearm midway between elbow and wrist. Then, in apparent agony, he staggered toward the house and out of view from the two men on the roof.

"You winged him!" cried Clayton "Come back the same way we ran up and we can catch him somewhere downstairs. He made for the house. He's too badly hit to travel far."

But when they reached the ground floor their closest search did not reived the man they sought. Parrish and Dr. Montrose and Florence aided them in the quest. But Pleire La Rue had wholly vanished.

Felix, alone of the household, took no part in the man-hunt. In the deserted laboratory he stood, his left.

"She is in some kind of stupor. Look at her eyes. Look close. What do you see? "Why it's the reflection of a face—the face of the man who killed your father."
Before she could guess his intent, Stanley had opened the camera. Gauging the

distance he took a photograph of the image

in Vanya's staring eye.

the lever too suddenly in order to increase the pressure. The tank exploded with a force that tore the dark room door from its hinges.

Harold Stanley staggered out into the hall half carrying, half supporting Florence, who mechanically clutched the newly developed photographic plate. They were just in time to see Pierre La Rue pick himself up from the floor, whither the impact of the explosion had huried him.

Stanley at a glance recognised La Rue from his photographic likeness. With a shout he sprang at the man. La Rue deftly wriggling out of reach of Harold's descending arm, boilted across the hall and upstairs. Harold followed.

Robert Clayton, entering the house, in form the unhappy doctor. The

With a shout he sprang at the man.

La Rue deftly wriggling out of reach of Harold's descending arm, bolted across the hall and upstairs. Harold followed.

Robert Clayton, entering the house, heard Stanley's yell. And without waiting an instant he bounded upward in the direction of the sound. Florence pointed to the flying figures as Clayton sped past her, and oried out to him:

"It is the Crimson Stain man!"

"It is our best clue so far," said the boughs of a tail tree that grew beside the house. He worked his way from the unhappy doctor. No trace of him up there."

"There is a trace of him here.

"There is a trace of him here.

"There is a trace of him here.

"There is a trace of him here."

"There is a trace of him h

The Seventh Episode of THE CRIMSON STAIN MYSTERY Will Be Published Thursday, Oct. 19

By Charles Darnton.

A NY ONE with a sense of fairness must have patience with the Washington Square Players at the Comedy Theatre. Like the heroine of "Hush!" they seem to be doing their best to shock the world. If they bore it at times, the fault lies with themselves more than with the authors of the four short plays that now give them employment.

First of all, there's Alice Brown

casts upon the snow of that dreary region. "Lovers' Luck." however, is worth playing. Taken from the French of Georges de Porto-Riche by Rsiph Roeder and Beatrice de Holthair, it raises the spirits, not to mention the eyebrows. The whole matter is put, cleverly enough, into the question. "Do you want me to be unfaithful to every one?" It might results have been turned to merrier.

tent upon a duel for the moment had "Lovers' Luck"

Worth Playing

At the Comedy

By Charles Darnton.

At the Comedy

By Charles Darnton.

At the Comedy

By Charles Darnton.

HER BOSS TO WED ACTRESS.

loseph M. Schenck and Norma Tal-

mage Obtain the License. STAMFORD, Conn., Oct. 12 .- Jose matter is put, eleverly enough, into the question, "Do you want me to be unfaithful to every one?" It might der the Connecticut laws. Miss Talmadge is being starred in a series of moving pictures soon to be produced by Mr. Schenck.

MARINERS' PASTOR DIES.

eight years pastor of the Mariners' yesterday in his sixty-ninth year, in his River Brooklyn.

night he entered Mariners' Church to 2 P. M. to-morrow.

ciety, under whose direction the church version, in 1875, he began to held dock

Brooklyn.

Thomas Rawlinson were his uncles. The
Mr. Boult, himself a sailor, until one funeral will be held at the residence at

The Kind You Have Always Bought,

HIS is the caution applied to the public announcement of Castoris that has been manufactured under the supervision of Chas. H. Fletcher for over 30 years—the genuine Castoria. We respectfully call the attention of fathers and mothers when purchasing Castoria to see that the wrapper bears his signature in black. When the wrapper is removed the same signature appears on both sides of the bottle in red. Parents who have used Castoria for their little ones in the past years need no warning against counterfeits and imitations, but our present duty is to call the attention of the younger generation to the great danger of introducing into their families spurious medicines.

It is to be regretted that there are people who are now engaged in the nefarious business of putting up and selling all sorts of substitutes, or what should more properly be termed counterfeits, for medicinal preparations not only for adults, but worse yet, for children's medicines. It therefore devolves on the mother to scrutinize closely what she gives her child. Adults can do that for themselves, but the child has to rely on the mother's watchfulness.

Genuine Castoria always bears the signature of the contraction of the signature of the castoria always bears the signature of the contraction of the castoria always bears the signature of the castoria always bears the signature of the castoria always bears the signature of the castoria castoria

GOODS DELIVERED ANYWHERE IN GREATER NEW YORK.

Cor. Driggs Ave. BROOKLYN Cor. Wyckoff St.



Buy Your Clothing Here For 50c Weekly \$125 Worth of Furniture No Deposit-\$1 Weekly



- OPEN MONDAY AND SATURDAY EVENINGS

